

# Herald and Tribune.

VOL. XXVI, NO. 29.

JONESBORO, TENNESSEE, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 14, 1894.

\$1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

E. A. Shipley.  
**SHIPLEY & PEOPLES,**  
FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS.  
OFFICE:  
Jonesboro Banking and Trust Company.  
All risks placed in First Class Companies at Reasonable Rates.  
Business Solicited.

**SAMUEL M. ARNELL,**  
[Formerly Member of Congress.]  
**LAWYER.**  
Practices before the United States Supreme Court, the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and the various Executive Departments. Special attention given to Patents and Claims.  
119 C St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

**HANGING AT JONESBORO**  
From this time on the firm of  
**PATTON & BRUNNER**  
WILL HANG TO  
**SHORT PROFITS**

and QUICK SALES. We mean to sell goods as cheap as the cheapest, and strain the prices on produce especially  
**Chickens, Eggs and Butter.**

We carry a full stock of Boots and Shoes, and will take pleasure in fitting you and showing you out stock. We also keep a full line  
**Dresses, Coats, Domestic Cotton Cheeses.**

Call and see us when in town, and examine our stock and prices. You will find our place of business, First Door East of Jonesboro Inn.

**Dr. M. H. P. PANHORST,**  
OFFICE, DOSSER BLOCK,  
JONESBORO, - TENN.

Diseases of Children a Specialty.  
**GET W. H. LITTLETON,**  
**A Practical Machinist,**

to Clean, Repair and Adjust your Sewing Machine, if you want Good, Honest work done. Buy your NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, RUBBERS, BANDS and Oil of him. Leave orders for work or parts with Joe February.

**H. H. McPHERSON,**  
Practical Watchmaker  
AND  
**JEWELER.**

A Full and Well Selected Line of FINE WATCHES, CLOCKS, RINGS, BRACELETS, EARRINGS, CHAINS, Etc.  
Special attention given to Repairs.

**THE HANDSOME**  
**BARBER & SHOP**  
In the Jonesboro Inn is run by  
**HERBERT RUSSELL.**

Mr. Russell is an artistic Barber, and his shop is a perfect model of  
**CLEANLINESS**  
and Order. His towels are fresh, his soaps the finest, his razors sharp, and he knows how to use them.

**T. W. WHITLOCK, M.D.,**  
General Practitioner of Medicine.

TREATS DISEASES OF  
**Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.**  
Office in Bank and Trust Co. Bldg.

**MILTON KEEN,**  
**UNDERTAKER.**

A Full Line of CASKETS and CASES.  
LADIES' ROBES and WRAPPERS.  
Gents' Suits and Rural Slippers always on hand. Will suit you day or night.

**DR. J. S. STUART,**  
General Practitioner of  
**MEDICINE AND SURGERY.**  
Including Acute and Chronic Diseases, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Office and Residence East Main Street,  
JONESBORO, - TENN.

**D. HILL,**  
**THE OLD RELIABLE LUMBER DEALER.**  
STILL IN BUSINESS.

Persons intending to build or make repairs will do well to call and see him, at the old stand, February, Tenn. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Correspondence solicited.  
Jy4 3m FRED HILL, Manager.

**Fink & Hickey,**  
Sole Cash Grocers Produce & Dealers.

Wholesale Dealers in  
**Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Dried Fruit.**

And all kinds of Country Produce.  
**H. M. FLAGLE**  
**CARPENTER & BUILDER.**  
JONESBORO, TENN.

room House Contracts to Fine Joiner Work  
**AN EVERGREEN TREE!**  
WITHOUT COST.

We will send you by mail paid one small Evergreen tree adapted to your climate, with instructions for planting and caring for it, together with a complete list of varieties. If you will cut out this advertisement, mark on it the name of this paper, and tell how many and what kind of trees and plants you would like to purchase, and when you wish to plant them. We will quote you lower prices on the stock you want than have ever been offered you. Write at once.  
P. VERGHEEN, NURSERYMAN,  
and  
**The U. S. Gov't Reports**  
show Royal Baking Powder  
superior to all others.

For the Herald and Tribune.  
**Poverty.**

Man should not be mistreated because he is poor. Even to slight the poor is mean and dishonorable. To be poor is more honorable than to be dishonorably rich, or even think that we are more wealthy than our friend. Poverty breeds wealth, and wealth in its turn, likewise brings poverty. The earth to form the mound is taken out of the ditch, and the height of one is about the depth of the other. Wealth and poverty are both temptations that tends to excite pride to the discontented. The privations of poverty render us too cold and callous and the privileges of property too cold and consequently the first places beneath the influence of opinion, the second above it. Poverty induces and cherishes dependence, and dependence strengthens and increases corruption. Whoever is not contented in poverty would not be perfectly happy with riches. Bulver says that "poverty is only an idea in nine cases out of ten." Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand and by habit he spends twelve or fifteen thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not run in debt is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, it but is as true as God's word. There are people of course who are wealthy and enjoy their wealth, but there are thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among the working people than among those who are called rich, it is contrary to God's law of nature for a man to live by idleness, he who lives by the "sweat of his brow" is the happiest of all. In large cities many people are unhappy for the want of employment. If their lot had been cast in the country where they till the soil for their own account this would never have happened. Have the courage to appear poor and you disarm poverty of its sharpest stings, and let it be said that though he is poor yet he always pays his debts. He that has much and wants more is poor; but he who has little and wants no more is rich. The poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset and as much silver in the moon as anybody. The richer a man is the more he dreads poverty, thus poverty looks most frightful at a distance. Of all poverty that of the mind is the most deplorable and none but God and the poor know what the poor do for each other. Nature is a great believer in compensation and to those whom she sends wealth she saddles with law suits and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in fine eatings, but they have a style of appetite that converts a mackerel into a salmon and that does quite as well. To miss a fortune is not necessarily a misfortune, but blessed is he that is struck by disaster that sets free the children of the rich, giving them over to the hard but kind bosom of poverty. If there is anything says Dr. Holland that a young man should be more grateful for than another it is the poverty which necessitates his starting in life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence for triumph, over it is like graduating with honor at West Point. A young man who can not feel his will harden if the yoke of poverty presses upon him and his pluck rise with every difficulty that poverty throws in his way may as well retire to some corner and hide himself. Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins, for it only ruins those who are not worth saving while it saves multitudes of the men whom wealth has ruined. With full pockets and full stomachs, good linen and broad cloth on your back, your heart and soul plethoric in the race of life you find yourself surpassed by all the poor boys around you before you know it.

**The Shooting Season.**  
The time for sport has come. There is a new life in the cool crisp air. The ground is yet dry, but there is no haze. All the streams are crystal clear. The night frost vanishes before the rising sun. All animated nature thrills with new life as the blood is revived in preparation for winter. The country dweller finds a keener relish in every sort of food. He springs from his bed in the morning freshened by a sounder sleep. He does his work with such ease that exertion is a pleasure and he breaks into hilarious song and shout, glad that he is alive.

It is then that the country editor finds it a pleasure to "canvass" among the farmers. It is so refreshing to saunter through the woods and "just happen in" about dinner time when sweet potatoes just from the soil that morning and fresh pork or game smoke on the table, when butter is hard and milk cold without ice and all the fall fruits are at their best. The politician is not too. There is speaking at the country school house at night, where the other party is "roasted," and the "cause of these hard times" set forth in English which far more than makes up in force what it lacks in refinement. Truly our dialect poet was justified in his rollicking parody:

Oh, who would die in autumn  
With all fruits so fit for eating.  
When all good things are getting ripe  
And candidates are trotting?

The wild creatures, too, have their fun at this season. The crow, of all birds the knowingest, calls his fellows into consultation, and after the pending question is settled he takes his enjoyment in teasing other creatures. The quail know when the "season" comes almost as soon as the hunter does, and the watchword, "A hunter with a gun," flies rapidly from field to field, or, if it does not, why is it that a covey which one day will run along by one's horse so near that the rider can almost strike them with his whip will a day or two later keep carefully out of gunshot? Surely they have means of learning "when the game law means out." Just before cold weather is the time to enjoy society of squirrels. One may then sit perfectly quiet in the woods, and these pretty creatures will come so near him that their every motion may be studied. But then let him make the slightest stir, and, whiz, those little bright eyes are recognized on the opposite side of the nearest tree.

The latest conclusion of advanced Darwinians is that man is descended not from the monkey, but from a creature near akin to the present squirrel, which survived the horrors of the pleistocene era because of its great brain power, and there is reason in it. It is fun to surprise the squirrel when he has but one tree for refuge, and that one with no leafy top, and see how skillfully he maneuvers to keep on the side opposite; hence the current rural conundrum: If the man goes around the tree, the squirrel always on the opposite side, does the man go around the squirrel? It is strange that the question could be raised. Surely a man who goes around a circle goes around everything inside the circle, and what difference can it make whether the thing moves or not, so long as it remains within the circle?

Indian summer is indeed beautiful, and the cold, clear season which follows it is pleasant, too; but alas, much of the old time glory has passed away. We no longer have those long stretches of primeval forest—miles on miles of walnut, oak and other splendid trees, with scarce a stick amiss. We no longer crack jokes, tell stories and drink cider by the crackling hickory wood fires. We have to burn coal now, and too often in a stove. We never—that is, hardly ever—hear the faraway hark, hark of the wild geese in the clear cold air of late autumn as they wing their way to the South. We can no longer range at will in deep woods for wild fruit or game. Will our children have any romance of early days at all to look back to? Is it possible that they can forty years hence look back with sentimental regret to this open country and endless fields, to coal stoves and their accompaniments as we do to those magnificent forests alive with game and the roaring fires in the old broad fireplace?

Keep your blood pure and healthy and you will not have rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the blood vitality and richness.  
The largest bell in America is said to be in the Cathedral of Montreal and weighs 28,000 pounds.  
For a pain in the side or chest there is nothing so good as a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on over the seat of pain. It affords prompt and permanent relief and if used in time will often prevent a cold from resulting in pneumonia. This same treatment is a sure cure for lumbago. For sale by F. E. Britton, druggist.

**A Famous Show of Beauty.**  
The show of distinguished beauty, transfigured by famous artists, which is now taking place at the Academy of Fine Arts in New York, has been anticipated by The Cosmopolitan Magazine in its November issue, in an article by Wm. A. Giffin, with illustrations of some of the more beautiful faces. The "Great Passions of History" series has for this month's subject the romantic career of Agnes Sorel, who influenced the destinies of France under Charles VII. "The Art Schools of America," "The Great British Northwest Territory," "The Chiefs of the American Press," and the "Public Library Movement," are amongst the Cosmopolitan's table of contents. Survivors of the

war and their children will find intense interest in "The Story of a Thousand," a personal narrative begun in this number by Albion W. Tourgee, who tells in a graphic way, of a regiment which saw fierce service—of its organization, its marches, its sports, and its death roll.

**Governor John Sevier.**  
Splendid Sketch of the Pioneer and Patriot.  
Descended From the Celebrated French Family of Xaviers.  
John Sevier!  
How memory thrills at the mention of this name of this pioneer and patriot dear to every Tennessean!  
Looking back through the vista of years—through centuries of time, past the portals of freedom, past sentinels of liberty, past the watchword of peace—across the crested waves of the broad Atlantic, over the pictured landscapes of England to vine-clad hills of beautiful France, the land of sunshine and of flowers where blooms the queenly rose and the white robed fleur de lis, meet emblems of the cradle of culture and the nursery of the graces—in the fair province of Navarre we find the home of the family of Xavier.

From chronicles of French history as well as from the traditions of the family we learn that Marie de Xavier, whose Spanish mother bore the family name of Y'Aylique, married Don Juan de Jose, the Counsellor of State to Jeanne d'Albert, Queen of Navarre, (the mother of Henry of Navarre, subsequently Henry IV. of France), exalted as was the rank and lofty the station of the Counsellor of State it was inferior to that of Marie de Xavier, who was sole heiress to the titles and estates of the noble house of Xavier of France and Aylique of Spain, for this reason, and on account of certain laws of marriage then prevailing in France, in order to claim the titles and control the estate of his wife. Don Juan de Jose consented to relinquish his family name and assuming that of his wife became Lord Xavier. At Xavier Castle—which is still standing in France with its battlements and towers, its wide halls and palatial apartments, its gardens of pleasure where incense from flowers floats out on the air—Lord Xavier and Marie de Xavier, his wife lived and reared their three sons. Francis, the eldest, became a priest of the Roman church at the early age of 34 years, and it is recorded that under his ministry a million souls were converted to Christianity. He was canonized by the church and figures in the history of the church as St. Francis Xavier. The second was Phillip, upon whom King Henry of Navarre thought it not inconsistent with his royal dignity to bestow in marriage his near kinswoman; and the youngest was Valentine, the grandfather of John Sevier.

Living at their ancestral home, surrounded by a halo of prosperity, beneath a cloudless sky roseate with love and luminous with happiness, this noble family saw no creeping shadow of calamity traveling towards them like some inexorable fate, weaving a web of inevitable doom; but an ominous sound, low and faint as a whispered prophecy of evil vent murmuring thro' France and above the eastern horizon appeared a cloud dark and threatening, spun onward by the fiercest wind ever blown from the breath of fanaticism, and rushing forward obedient to the beckoning wand of Catherine de Medici, its lightning flashed terror to the hearts of the people and its thunders blanched their faces; with one mighty effort the tempest "leapt from its lair," and the beautiful streets of Paris, adorned as none other beneath the golden streets of Paradise, were deluged with the blood of the flower and chivalry of France and the Huguenots swept from her shores. Among them were Phillip and Valentine Xavier, who were as zealous Protestants as their brother Francis was a devoted Catholic. In the fearful conflicts between the Protestants and Catholics which followed the leadership of Henry of Navarre (who had not then renounced the faith of his Protestant mothers); he wore in his hat a long white feather and bade them follow where the white plume waved, for that was where the fight would be thickest.

On the morning of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Valentine Xavier quitted Paris, and fleeing from the enemy and the avenger, found refuge in London. From motives of prudence to escape further prosecution, he decided it wise to alter the first syllable of his name so that the French Xavier became thus Anglicized to Sevier. He married in London and continued to reside there, but when his son Valentine grew to manhood the fame of the American colonies had spread abroad through the earth and in a spirit of adventure he crossed the seas and went out into the wilderness of the new world.

He was charmed with the sublimity and grandeur of its vast forests, its long streams and mountain ranges; it proved a place of pleasant pasturage, the works of his hands prospered and he grew glad in possession of the earth. He married a lass of Baltimore and settled in Virginia, and on the soil of that grand old mother of States and statesmen on the 23d day of September, 1744, John Sevier first saw the light. When he grew up he was of tall stature and handsome; he had the French features and the lineaments of his father's family and from him acquired the culture and grace of manner which distinguished him. The qualities of his mind and

heart were rare and great; his courage was of the soul and indestructible as that which gave it birth; he was of majestic bearing and luminous eye, bespeaking the soul of which it was the index and reflection.  
A full length portrait of him adorns the walls of the capitol of Tennessee, painted by the celebrated artist, Rembrandt Peale. It represents him with powdered hair, wearing the uniform of general of the continental army, with knee breeches, long silk hose and silver buckles.  
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In the meantime he had removed from Virginia to the picturesque tract country, that rare gems of creation, where beauty like a fair goddess sits enthroned upon sun kissed mountains, is painted by a master upon its flowered vales, is mirrored in the clear waters of the winding streams, and waves over the fertile fields, which he assisted to organize into the State of Tennessee. He was chosen its first governor and held that position by successive election twelve years, when being no longer eligible as governor, he was elected to the Congress of the United States.  
He was the idol of the people of Tennessee. He had stood sentinel over their homes, he had guarded them in danger and led them to victory. They were charmed with his polished and captivating manners, they admired him for his bravery and loved him for his general spirit. As graceful as he wore the laurel wreath of the victor in arms he was no less distinguished as a statesman. During his administration in Tennessee the governor's mansion was the home of culture and graceful hospitality; levees and brilliant receptions were held, graced by the beauty and gallantry of Tennessee.  
As the years passed on time, the counselor, had softened his grief for the young wife whose beauty had flashed like a meteor across his youth, who had perfumed the morning of his life with the incense of her love, and with her last smile had placed in his hands one tender flower, his daughter, Elizabeth, and after remaining a widower twenty years he married Miss Catherine Sherrill, a daughter of one of the early settlers.  
To this superb young woman, this imperial Medea, whose wit and brilliancy brightened the meridian of his life, he gave the deeper love of his mature years. Their first meeting was tinged with a little romance; fleeing from an Indian tomahawk in terror and dismay, he jumped over the stock, rode at Watauga and fell into the arms of General Sevier, who was lying in wait, not for a bride, but for the Indians; but the fates, propitious as ever to him, sent the Indians to his snare and the bride to his arms. Speaking of this leap long afterwards, she said she "would take it again every day in the year for such a husband." He called her his "bonnie Kate," and she was the evening star whose light illuminated his declining years.  
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The above beautiful sketch of the revered and beloved Tennesseean was read by Mrs. Underwood Rowell at Rome, Ga., before Xavier chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.  
Forty Years the Standard.

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Patriotism was inherited in the soul of John Sevier, and heroism was an attribute of his nature; before he had attained his majority he enlisted in the service of his country and was commissioned captain by Gov. Dunmore. Soon afterward, in the first flush of youthful power, he married Miss Sarah Hawkins, the daughter of one of the first families of Virginia. She was just 17 years of age and lovely as some Hebe or young Aurora of the dawn, and as short lived. After her too early flight from earth the young soldier laid his heart upon the shrine of liberty, gave his hand to freedom's cause, and passing through the gilded gates of the highways to fame which opened for his reception marched at the head of the young colonies from the fury of Great Britain.

The mother country had become jealous of the unparalleled prosperity of her colonies, which, refusing to cherish, had rather strove to conquer. She had already reaped large harvests from them, and as though intoxicated with affluence she treated with scorn their supplications for justice, and met them in battle with the spirit shown by Goliath to the shepherd boy of Israel. But armies were raised up for the defense of the colonies; they were strengthened for resistance, and the race proved not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.  
For bravery on the field of battle and courage and firmness in the presence of danger, Captain Sevier was promoted to colonel, and from that to brigadier general and on to general. He continued in his country's service as "constant as the northern star," until the banner under which he fought became the proud ensign of victory, floating over a free, independent and united country.  
In the meantime he had removed from Virginia to the picturesque tract country, that rare gems of creation, where beauty like a fair goddess sits enthroned upon sun kissed mountains, is painted by a master upon its flowered vales, is mirrored in the clear waters of the winding streams, and waves over the fertile fields, which he assisted to organize into the State of Tennessee. He was chosen its first governor and held that position by successive election twelve years, when being no longer eligible as governor, he was elected to the Congress of the United States.  
He was the idol of the people of Tennessee. He had stood sentinel over their homes, he had guarded them in danger and led them to victory. They were charmed with his polished and captivating manners, they admired him for his bravery and loved him for his general spirit. As graceful as he wore the laurel wreath of the victor in arms he was no less distinguished as a statesman. During his administration in Tennessee the governor's mansion was the home of culture and graceful hospitality; levees and brilliant receptions were held, graced by the beauty and gallantry of Tennessee.  
As the years passed on time, the counselor, had softened his grief for the young wife whose beauty had flashed like a meteor across his youth, who had perfumed the morning of his life with the incense of her love, and with her last smile had placed in his hands one tender flower, his daughter, Elizabeth, and after remaining a widower twenty years he married Miss Catherine Sherrill, a daughter of one of the early settlers.  
To this superb young woman, this imperial Medea, whose wit and brilliancy brightened the meridian of his life, he gave the deeper love of his mature years. Their first meeting was tinged with a little romance; fleeing from an Indian tomahawk in terror and dismay, he jumped over the stock, rode at Watauga and fell into the arms of General Sevier, who was lying in wait, not for a bride, but for the Indians; but the fates, propitious as ever to him, sent the Indians to his snare and the bride to his arms. Speaking of this leap long afterwards, she said she "would take it again every day in the year for such a husband." He called her his "bonnie Kate," and she was the evening star whose light illuminated his declining years.  
Gen. Sevier was said to bear a charming life; fortune which favors the brave ever attended him and rendered him more invulnerable than Achilles. In the thirty five battles in which his sword flashed where the fight raged the fiercest he was never wounded nor defeated.  
General Sevier had reached his three score years and ten and had spent his strength in the service of his country, and could not come to four score. As his feet were nearing "the valley of the shadow of death," he was sent on a mission to Fort Decatur, Ala. On arriving there he was stricken with fever and far from friends and home death came to him swift and fleet.  
The above beautiful sketch of the revered and beloved Tennesseean was read by Mrs. Underwood Rowell at Rome, Ga., before Xavier chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

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